

let's dance to david bowie by lilevans

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Cute, Fluff, Multi, One Shot, Post canon, i needed to write this bc they all deserve the Best, post season two, they're all happy and nothing hurts them ever

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Characters: Dustin Henderson, Eleven (Stranger Things), Jim "Chief" Hopper, Joyce Byers, Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Wheeler, Nancy Wheeler, Steve Harrington

Relationships: Dustin Henderson & Nancy Wheeler, Eleven/Mike Wheeler, Joyce Byers/Jim "Chief" Hopper, Maxine "Max" Mayfield/Lucas Sinclair, Steve Harrington & Dustin Henderson, Steve Harrington & Nancy Wheeler, Steve Harrington/Dustin Henderson

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Summary:

"but it doesn't matter, because dancing to space oddity on the porch is one of those simple, sweet things that will never need to be exactly perfect."

summer post season 2 one shot feat. max x lucas, mike x eleven, steve x dustin x nancy and joyce x hopper.

let's dance to david bowie

Author's Note:

MY BABIES ARE ALL HAPPY AND ITS SUMMER SO
HERE U GO ENJOYYYY

Let's Dance to David Bowie (as though nothing can fall)

Her bones feel warm and the radio is slightly crackly, matching the electricity she can feel in the air. His fingers are touching hers. The radio plays *everybody wants to rule the world*, and Max thinks that maybe Tears for Fears are right.

Lucas says something, but she doesn't quite hear him. The bus is warm and she stretches her leg to kick the window open a little more. "Don't mumble, stalker." She smiles, looking at Lucas as he looks confused, then chuckles too.

"I said, are you happy, Max?" he smiles and a single bead of sweat slides down his face. July heat is intruding into their time together.

She sits up, batting her eyes against the sun. "I think I am, yeah. Billy is less of an ass these days. But..."

Lucas sits up too, repositioning himself so their fingers still touch. "But?"

"I still feel weird. Like, I don't know, everything is so mundane now. We fought *demo-dogs*-" she emphasises the word, mocking Dustin affectionately. "And we saved the whole town, and now we still have to hand in our homework and Billy still has to pick me up from school."

Lucas nods. "I know. I felt the same way the first time all this happened, when Will went missing? I mean, I'm glad he's home,

but..." He trails off, lips parted, and Max just smiles, inching their fingers together until they're intertwined.

Lucas glances across the bus, at Max's skateboard, haphazardly sitting by the door.

"You know, I never learnt how to skate." He mumbles, looking at her as she blows hair out of her face.

Her face lights up, but in the subtle, Max way, and she stands up.

"Then today is your lucky day, stalker," She holds out a hand and he takes it, and the bus creaks beneath them slightly. They chuckle and Max grabs her skateboard, walking as fast as they can to get out. Lucas reaches and clutches the radio, and Max clutches his hand.

The radio begins to play heroes as Lucas gets on the board. He's shaky, unsure, but Max has his hand and she guides him through the junkyard and onto the streets, feeling the light summer breeze rush through her hair and skin. Lucas' hand is sweaty but she doesn't mind.

"We can be heroes, just for one day,"

Mike doesn't think anyone has been able to give this weird content-but-slightly-electric-burst-into-flames-at-any-minute-from-happiness feeling the way El does.

She doesn't even have to do anything. She's just sitting there, on the old wood of the porch, fiddling with the radio. Her head twitches and the radio station crackles and changes, he can't help but smile.

"Mike," She mumbles, hand fumbling for his in the afternoon sunset. They're allowed outside the cabin now, so their feet dangle a few metres above the dry leaves beneath them. He takes her hand and the radio continues to crackle, David Bowie coming into to focus as El twists the knob with the hand that's not holding Mike's.

He uses the unused hand to gently take her hand from the knob,

letting David Bowie play.

“This is a good song,” he says, nodding along gently to the beat of *space oddity*.

El bops her head along to the beat too, her mop of Steve-length hair swaying as she does. Mike’s smile grows wider, and he subconsciously mumbles the lyrics.

“Wanna dance?” even though it’s a slow song, and he stumbles on his words, awkwardly, falling, but El only looks at him with big brown eyes through her mop of hair, and nods.

He helps her up and they sort of just sway, their arms coiled around each other as if they’re simultaneously scared to get closer and scared to let go.

El has trouble has trouble keeping time.

“Hey, El, you’re getting a bit wobbly,” Mike says gently, and he counts for her, *1, 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4*, and she falls into to step with him again, easily, and when Bowie says *ground control to Major Tom* one last time, El and Mike just look at each other and softly kiss, tentatively, cautiously, and even now, El is a little afraid he’ll disappear into thin air. Their lips are both cracked but it doesn’t matter, because dancing to space oddity on the porch is one of those simple, sweet things that will never need to be exactly perfect.

“Steve’s here, sweetie!” Claudia calls down to Dustin as she cuddles with the cat, making inaudible noises.

“Okay, thanks Mom!” Dustin comes down the stairs to let him in, forgetting about the bottle of hairspray that he forgot to use beforehand.

“Hey, buddy,” Steve mumbles as he comes in, ruffling Dustin’s hair. “Your hair kind of looks shit today,”

“I didn’t have time to style it, asshole,” Dustin shoots back, flattening his hair and ushering Steve upstairs, smiles plastered on each of their faces.

"Hey, Mrs Henderson!" Steve calls as he heads up the stairs two at a time.

She replies back cheerfully and goes back to her TV shows happily.

"Dancing lessons again?" Steve asks as Dustin enters his room.

"Yeah, sort of." Dustin mumbles, hoping phase two of the plan will begin soon.

"Sort of?" Steve's eyebrow quirks. "I am the best dancer in senior year, you asshole, you better be learning shit from me," he points a finger at Dustin accusingly, but smiles all the same.

"Yeah, yeah." He waves a hand dismissively. "But how many times have you danced with a *girl*?"

Steve stumbles momentarily, then replies indignantly.

"Plenty of times! At every disco since elementary, girls have wanted to dance with me."

Dustin only shrugs. "Huh. Thought maybe today we could actually have a real life girl help us out."

Steve's brows furrow as the door is knocked on, right on schedule.

"Wha-"

"I'll explain in just a sec, Steve. Promise." Dustin replies hastily as he rushes down the stairs to open the door.

"Hey, Dustin." Nancy smiles as he answers the door and Dustin is momentarily stunned. She's wearing a summery flower patterned dress and he forgets to invite her in for a second.

"Come in," He says a moment too late. She only chuckles, waving to Claudia as she comes in.

"More dancing lessons? You're getting pretty good now, the girls in your grade won't be able to *resist*-"

“Yeah, of sorts. Come upstairs, Nancy.” He smiles cheekily and his mother’s eyebrows furrow, only shaking her head at her son’s mischief.

Steve and Nancy are quite shocked to see each other, to say the least.

“Uh- Dustin?” Nancy stutters, eyebrows raised and mouth agape as she looks into Dustin’s room, where a record player spins.

“You’re joking, right bud?” Steve’s hair does a little bounce of disbelief and he places his hands on his hips, like a stern mom.

“No, I’m not,” Dustin says as he puts a slow record on and turns to face them.

“I figured I need to see two people actually dancing properly to get the hang of it,”

Nancy chuckles shortly, slightly relieved to see Steve is as shocked as she is.

“You’re not serious? Dustin, this is-”

“Absolute genius? I know,” Dustin grins and crosses his arms.

“Uh, Dustin, can I talk to you in the hallway for a moment?” Steve bits his lip and pulls Dustin away despite his protests, and Nancy’s, as she’s left alone in his room.

“Seriously, what are you playing at? Dustin, if this is your weird wingman way of trying to get me and Nance back together--”

Dustin laughs. “Are you serious, asshole? No, I actually want to learn how to dance, and I would know better than to set you up with my best friend’s sister. Jesus. Besides, aren’t you ‘totally over her’?” Dustin crosses his arms in victory after quoting the last part, and Steve just sighs.

“I *am*. And so is she.”

“Then can’t you at least be friends for goddamn one minute?”

Nancy comes into the hallway, tired of waiting. "Steve. Kitchen. *Now*." she says, determinedly barrelling down the stairs, pulling Steve along by his sleeve. It's now Dustin's turn to be left in disbelief.

"This is going better than I thought..." He mumbles before going back into his room.

"What? Jesus, Nance, if you have stretched this shirt, you're buying me a new one," Steve mutters, flattening his shirt pointedly as she pulls him into the kitchen, just out of Mrs. Henderson's earshot.

"Maybe he's right, Steve."

Steve's hands go back to his hips.

"What the hell are you on about, Nancy?"

She looks him in the eyes, voice low. "Look, I know I've been avoiding you. For a long time. And you know, I'm not saying we can't move on, because we can-"

Steve throws her a pointed look, and she rolls her eyes. He just bites his lip and shrugs apologetically. "*But* we obviously both care about Dustin. So..." Nancy trails off, grasping for what to say next.

"Maybe we should just dance and hang out with Dustin. And deal with whatever awkwardness there is."

Steve shrugs again, this time with slightly less sarcasm. "No awkwardness with me if there's none for you."

Nancy nods with finality.

"Good."

They both head back up the stairs, Steve letting Nancy go first. Steve lingers a moment before following her, wishing that his heartbeat could slow, just a little. He brushes his hair out of his face and shakes his head, sighing heavily and then taking the steps two at a time.

"We're... Ready when you are, Dustin." Nancy states, smiling as she side-glances at Steve.

Dustin grins, the full blown, ear to ear grin that shows off all of his teeth, and Nancy thinks she's never been prouder of this kid, and all of his *pearls*.

"Okay, give me one second."

Then he barrels out of the room unexpectedly, leaving Steve and Nancy alone together, once again.

"I don't think we've ever properly danced together," Nancy sighs, glancing at the record, still playing slow songs.

"I know..." Steve can't stop looking at the floor. He swears he's over her, but when she's half-smiling like that, she's making it so hard.

He offers a hand to her, and she looks as surprised as he feels that he's even offering the gesture.

"May as well get a bit of practise first,"

"Yeah, of course," Nancy shrugs and takes his hand, trying to ignore his tiny flinch when their hands touch.

His hands wrap around her waist, hesitantly, and she nods slightly, giving him permission as she props her arms on his shoulders.

"You can come a bit closer, you know." She says, "I won't bite." She chuckles softly at the last bit, and Steve caves, shuffling in slightly.

They begin to sway gently, in time to the music, counting to each other to keep in time.

"Wow, the kid's taking a while," Steve sighs as they sway a little more.

Nancy nods, before biting her lip. "I just have to ask... Did you help him do his hair for the snow ball?"

Steve laughs, full-bodied and genuine, and Nancy breaks into a chuckle too.

"Uh, yeah I did. Think we did alright, too."

“Oh, yeah, it looked *awesome*.”

“Wow, thanks. Did you hear he *stole library books*?”

When Dustin comes into his room again, Nancy and Steve are dancing and laughing and everything they *weren't* doing before, and Dustin feels a light headed relief.

His family is finally healing.

Whiskey sits upon the table, open and not being drunk. Joyce is just sitting, face gently in her hands, deliberating whether she should have some. Will and Johnathon are picking a movie and a record from the store, and the whiskey sits there. The record from the corner spins and plays softly. She wonders if she really should, if she deserves it. Her boys would tell her that of course she does, she's the best mom, and she works hard. And Joyce supposes she does work hard. But she's not sure if she'll ever be a good enough mom for those boys. She thanks whatever's out there for them every day.

There's a knock at the door and Joyce promptly catches herself from falling off the chair she's sitting on.

“Joyce!! It's me.” Hopper's strong voice sounds through the door and Joyce smiles softly, walking up to the door and taking the chain off it for him.

He smiles at her as he steps inside, bottle of wine in one hand, packet of smokes in the other.

“Your favourites,” He says, placing the smokes and the wine on the table. He then notices the whiskey already on the table, glasses absent. Joyce half smiles and shrugs.

“I was still deciding whether I should have one or not,”

Hop smiles. “It's Saturday night, the boys aren't gonna be home for an hour. Of course you should.”

He takes two glasses from the top shelf, grips the whiskey and gestures for Joyce to grab the smokes before heading out onto the porch.

The record is still playing, and Joyce squints as she tries to remember who it is who is singing.

“Is this Bowie? What a legend,” Hop confirms her thoughts as he sits on the porch and pours her a glass.

“How are they, Joyce?” Hopper looks contemplative as he sips his whiskey, looking out towards the woods.

“I think they’re good. Will is spending lots of time with his friends, and you know, he seems to be getting better. And Johnathon,” She chuckles before continuing. “He’s so in love with Nancy. I think he’s really happy. Do you remember being in love like that, Hop?”

He stares absent-mindedly for a moment, looking glassy-eyed.

“Yeah,” He murmurs. “It hurt like hell.”

Joyce smiles softly, reassuringly and takes his hand, sipping her whiskey with the other. “But the good time made it all worth it in the end, didn’t they?”

Jim can’t help it, he’s cracking a smile too.

“Yeah, I guess they did.”

They sit in a comfortable silence for a moment or two, before Hopper suddenly stands up.

“Bowie is still playing. Care to join me for a dance, Joyce?”

She smiles, but shakes her head vigorously. “No, no.”

“Come on,” He says it quieter. She looks at him, remembers all of the times over the past year he’s been there, through everything, and her mind starts flashing back to Bob, like it does sometimes, his death and every time he made her smile. And it hurts.

She feels a tear slip, but like always, Hop's got her. They sway slightly, in time to the slow Bowie song, and Joyce can feel herself become quiet again. The peaceful kind of quiet.

"Hey," he says, softly, wiping away her tear.

"I'm fine, Hop, really." She replies, not really meaning it.

"No, you're not."

"No, I'm not. But I'm better now you're here."

He doesn't know why he's leaning in, it's not perfect, but it's okay.

They press their lips together, softly and cautiously, unlike everything they ever did when they were teens. But they're older, wearier, and it feels different.

Joyce feels a little more alive.